STOP! TURN OVER SOME OF MY DAINTY PAGES.

Sadie Martinot in "The Turtle"—Other Breezy Features.

10 cts. Our Motto this Month: "DONT WORRY" 10 cts.

BROADWAY MAGAZINE

No. 8 NOVEMBER, 1898 Vol. II

Photo by B. J. Falk, N. Y.

VIRGINIA JACKSON SMILING FOR THE BENEFIT OF MANKIND.

Miss Jackson should have been appointed on the Peace Commission.

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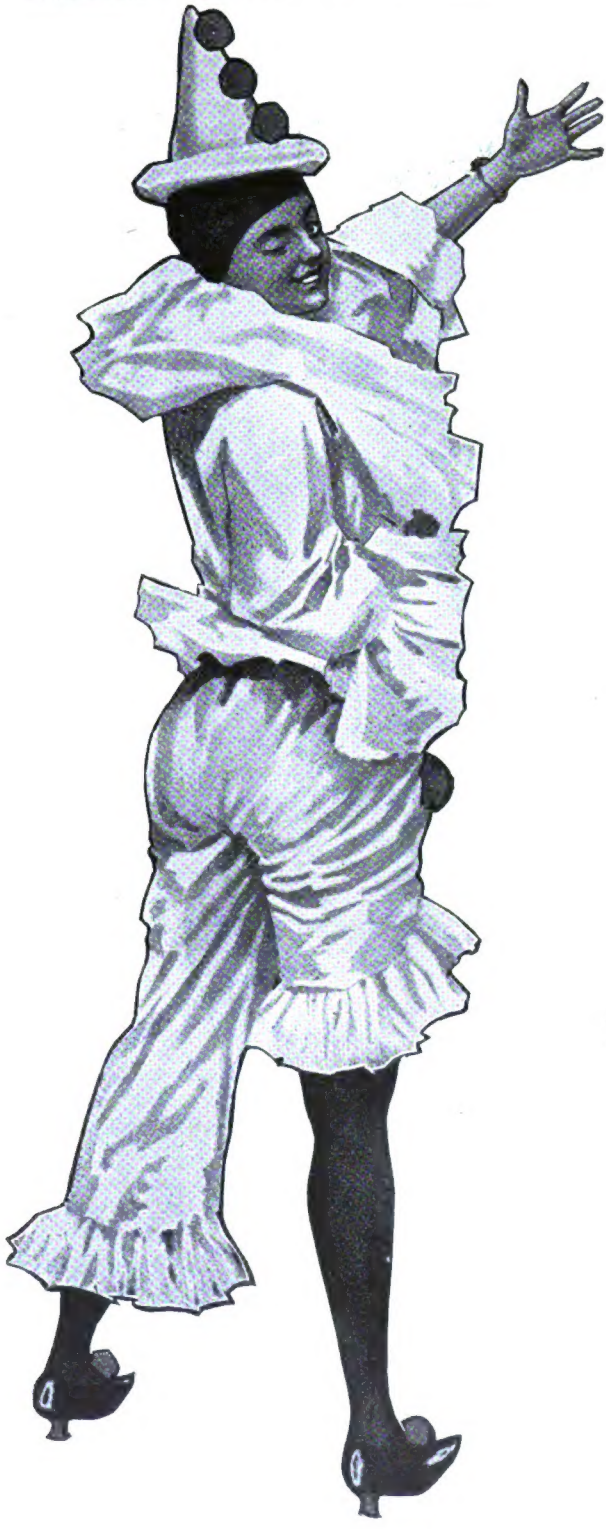

THE SHY YOUNG THING OF THE "HOTEL TOPSY TURVY" POSTER.

DRAWN BY ARCHIE GUNN

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Theatrical Posters of the Season.

A FEW TRANQUIL FOLK FROM "THE FRENCH MAID." AS DRAWN IN A POSTER BY ARCHIE GUNN.

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A QUIET MOMENT IN THE SECOND ACT OF "HOTEL TOPSY TURVY."
ALSO BY ARCHIE GUNN.

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Theatrical Posters of the Season.

SUGGESTION FOR A NICE, QUIET LITTLE POSTER.
Warranted to catch the eye and to keep it busy for a moment or two.

SPEAKING.

THE ARTIST—How do you like it?

THE FRIEND—Best work you ever did. What does it represent?

THE RESULT.

PROFESSOR—What happens to gold when it is exposed to the air?

STUDENT—It gets stolen.

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THEY—Um—mum—*mum*—MUM—MUM!!!
THE MOON—Mum, indeed! They're making enough noise over it to wake the dead!

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Photo by Baker Art Gallery, Columbus, O.

A YOUNG WOMAN WHO GLORIES IN THE NAME OF FAUST.

That she is pretty this picture bears ample evidence. Her name is queer, but perhaps that's her papa's fault. If it isn't, she may be willing to explain. At any rate, we can't tell you.

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Photo by Baker Art Gallery, Columbus, O.

MISS PHYLLIS YOUNG, WHOSE HAIR AND SHOULDERS ARE THE ENVY OF HER FRIENDS.

Of course, we refer to her women friends. Those shoulders are remarkable picturesque, aren't they? Miss Young should feel proud of her possessions, but we trust she will not lose her equilibrium and tumble down stairs.

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Copyright, 1898, by J. Schloss, New York.

VASHTI EARL, IN ANOTHER ARTISTIC POSE.

Miss Earl has certainly the faculty of being able to look like somebody worth knowing, and Mr. Schloss has heightened the effect in an especially noteworthy manner.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

"Grandpapa," said Kathleen, very seriously, "I want to ask your advice."

"Yes, darling. What is it?" asked the old gentleman.

"I want to know what you think it will be best for you to give me on my birthday."

SHOWING HIM.

"You young scoundrel," said the father, seizing his disobedient son by the hair, "I'll show you how you ought to treat your mother!"

And he gave him several bangs on the ears, and then shook him till his hair began to fall out.

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LOUISE WILLIS HEPNER RESTING ON A PAPIER MACHÉ ROCK.

Miss Hepner isn't deceitful, you know. The photographer placed her there, and if people want to believe that she is sitting on a boulder, there's no reason why she should worry over it. Miss Hepner is singing in "Jack and the Beanstalk" and they like her. Hence, that look of beatitude and absolute contentment.

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ONE OF THE SEASON'S NOTEWORTHY STARS.

Alice Nielsen, whose stellar début in the Smith-Herbert opera "The Fortune Teller" may be put down as one of the most successful in recent years.

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THE Broadway Magazine

Vol. II NOVEMBER, 1898. No. 2.

"THE TURTLE" IS SWIFT.

Illustrated by GEORGE F. KERR, of the New York *Journal*.

MR. FLORENZ ZIEGFELD, JR., is a long, lean, hollow-faced young man, with severe manners and sepulchral voice. He looks like a divinity student gone wrong.

It evidently required just such a young man for the ferreting out of a piece like "The Turtle," which, coming as it does from one of the ultra-bizarre playhouses of Paris, descended upon Broadway with all the effrontery and brazen assurance of a shining member of the demimondaines making her berouged appearance under the electric light of a Parisian boulevard. In all truth, "The Turtle," as produced at the Manhattan Theatre

SADIE MARTINOT STARTS IN THIS WAY.

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AND SHE PROGRESSES IN THIS VIVID STYLE.

by Brady & Ziegfeld can be convincingly likened to the aforesaid berouged young person. "The Turtle" is the very harlotry of dramatics. It bears the unmistakable mark of the scarlet letter and its bedraggled skirts lift up the mire of the gutter and besmirch and defile the atmosphere as it lives its lecherous existence.

I do not really think that when Mr. Ziegfeld discovered "The Turtle" and when Mr. Brady agreed to produce it they really knew how bad a piece it was. While in the original French it was probably risque and unpardonably audacious it still lacked the brutal crudities of the English translation.

Imagine, if you can, the curtain going up on the bedroom of a man who has been divorced. The door opens and the divorced wife enters

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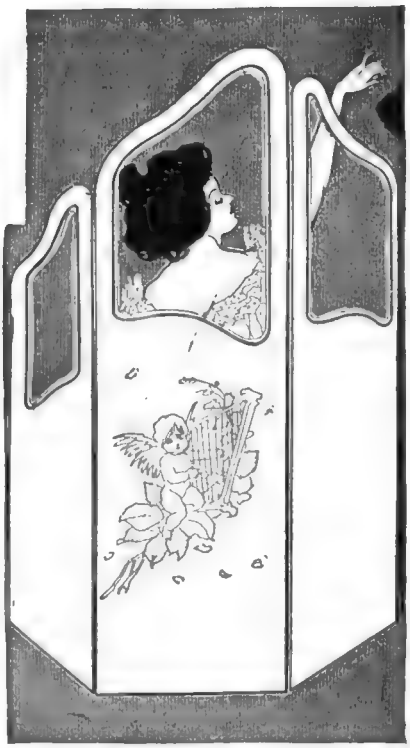
with her mother. They discuss the situation. Now that the wife has changed her mind why should a divorce keep the husband and wife apart? After indulging in banalities of dialogue which have not even the redeeming feature of smartness, it is decided that the wife shall take her place in the bed which is the most important part of the setting, and which, just to help along the general effect, is a double one. The wife, in the person of Miss Sadie Martinot, who, although certainly not a prude, I have always thought a woman possessed of the finer sensibilities, finally makes up her mind to take her once legal place between the white linen sheets. Behind a screen she goes—a screen whose upper part contains a plate of glass; then proceeds the disrobing act. Over the top, flung at wilful random come various

SHE CONTINUES HER SARTORIAL ORGIE, AND —

articles of apparel, familiar or otherwise, according to the experience of the spectator. Perhaps, in justice to Miss Martinot, I should say through most of it she keeps on her hat, which might or might not be considered a sop to the conventionalities. Then there is a frou-frou and swishing of something soft and clinging, a little attempt at a display of modesty which does not characterize the rest of the act, an almost inaudible



BUT WE MUST REALLY STOP NOW.

patter of bare feet on the carpeted stage, a dash from behind the screen and final ensconcement under the bed coverlets from over the top of which gleam the snowy shoulders and well-turned arms of the woman who was once called "The Bisque Sadie." Of course the husband comes in; of course his new wife comes in; of course a whole lot of things happen to increase the suggestiveness and make more glaring the iniquity of the whole affair, and, of course, the audience who has paid its money for the express purpose of being shocked, is shameless enough to applaud—as might be expected of people who have come just to see this thing. You have heard of Charmion perched up on the trapeze from which, while she balanced herself, she

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AN EYE FOR BEAUTY.
In circus garb she stands, nor cares a whit for anyone.

threw her skirt and finally other things to the stage; you know all about the unwomanly, common little Barrison Sisters. Add both these together, mix well, sprinkle with a little seasoning of "Orange Blossoms" and "The Conquerors," add two hundred per cent for good measure, then gaze long and earnestly at the combination through a field-glass and you will get some idea of what "The Turtle" is like.

I have always felt an ardent admiration for Sadie Martinot. She has been able to bring to any part she has ever played the winning graces of a woman whose voice is soft, whose lips are red, whose dresses are fit and whose art is mature though bubbling. As the divorced wife in "The Turtle" you lose sight of everything but the fact that Miss Martinot is acting down to a level and that no blandishment she can bring to bear can dissipate the thought that "The Turtle" is as monstrously inartistic and flagrantly impossible as the seething cauldron in a soap factory or the glaring mawkishness of a drunken Jezebel. R. B. H.

SATISFACTORY SO FAR.

"How does your new servant get on with you?" asked the caller.

"She seems to be contended."

"Does she work well?"

"No; but she doesn't find fault with the way I do it."

THE REASON.

EGBERT EAUSONICE—Do you know, society has nevah been wepwesented in novels as it weally is?

THANIS BIGHT—Certainly not. A novel must be bright enough to be entertaining before it will succeed.

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Copyright, 1898, by Elmer Chickering, Boston, Mass.

ROSA MASSO, WHICH SOUNDS VERY CUBAN.

However, we cannot vouch for the statement that Miss Masso was born in the land of machetes and fever. She looks it, however. So let us take it for granted, and even if we're wrong, the world will still go 'round without needing a baby carriage.

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Tweet, Tweet!
Isn't he sweet?
I just love his eyeglass, his pants and his feet;
I think him divine—
He looks so benign,
And he's nobody else's, you know—only mine!

When I'm off on the stage,
I think it an age
Until I return to my dude in his cage.
He dresses so neat,
And he is so petite,
That I love him to tickle and murmur:
"Tweet, Tweet!"

P. P.

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Photo by Elmer Chickering, Boston, Mass.

MARIE CELESTE AND A FEATHER.

It goes without saying that Miss Celeste, who is a refined and modest young woman, would not have her picture taken with only a feather as a notable detail. We simply wish to call attention to her hair adornment. It's a pretty and not at all reprehensible style.

NECESSARY.

MISS SUMMIT—I was very much surprised, Mr. Jagway, to see you coming out of a bar-room Thursday afternoon.

JAGWAY—Yes; I had to catch a train.

DISORDERLY.

"That motion is out of order," said the chairman of a political meeting as he saw a rowdy raising his arm to throw an egg.

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WHEN PASSION LEADS THE WAY.

By GILSON WILLETS.

"Even *he* used to knock!"

SHE was in the summer of her life; but her arm, lying outside the coverlet, was round and firm as a young girl's. Now and then the arm twitched. Her pillow was wet. She must have been sobbing within the hour. A man, in the autumn of life, came in and laid a finger on her arm; but, even in her sleep, she shrank from his touch.

"Bath," the man announced. A moment he bent over her, whispering "Dear."

The woman awoke and looked forth through the open window. Blossom-laden, the apple trees in the orchard looked like mammoth bridal bouquets.

"My lover's wedding day," she murmured, dreamily.

The man, his graying hair and beard unkempt, his face deep-lined with trouble or dissipation, his shoulders bent as if age had become a load on his back, drew the curtains to soften the light.

"Where is my maid?" the woman asked, rising and wrapping herself in a bath-robe.

"We are alone," replied the man, lacing his shoes.

Somewhere in the silent house an electric bell rang, insolently. "The auctioneer's men for the furniture," the man said, gazing out of the window.

"And the mortgagee's men for the house," added the woman. "The house in which I have lived my four years' love-life. But I shall not leave it, at least not until he comes again. Nor will I go out of it alive."

The man stretched out his arms beseechingly: "Valérie! Surely you will never—surrender?"

Her lip curled disdainfully. "Let in the vultures."

When the woman returned from her bath the man came in with coffee and rolls. He laid a newspaper beside the tray, then hastened away. A moment later he reappeared in the doorway. "The auctioneer's men are stripping this floor first. They will pass your door." The woman was absorbed in

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the paper. The man closed the door softly, whispering "Dear!"

"To-night, at eight," the woman read. "In a Fifth Avenue church. Reception at the Savoy Hotel." She turned to a photograph on the table, and scrutinized it. Her eyes filled with entreaty, drooped with despair. The wide-open eyes in the photograph only stared, wonderingly. They belonged to one in the Spring of life, a youth, not handsome, but beautiful. He looked like one who could love. But he could also woo a woman in a way that would make infatuation seem the passion divine.

The woman sipped her coffee. From her shoulders the robe fell, slightly, like an evening gown. In the mirror she saw the voluptuous throat, the full lips, the glowing skin of a woman physically strong. "A broken heart, alone, will not accomplish—the surrender," she muttered. From the table-drawer she drew forth a steel instrument, cigar-shaped. Applying the point to a bread crumb, she pressed a spring. A green speck was the result. She went to the window, laid the crumb on the sill, and chirped. Several pigeons flew over from the barn and alighted on the sill. One pecked at the crumb. But the woman, in a pained voice, cried "Shoo!" The pigeon flew away, then suddenly dropped earthward, like a stone. The woman went and hid the cigar-shaped instrument under her pillow, murmuring: "To-night. At eight." Then from the table she caught up the photograph, and, kissing it passionately, paced forth and back between the window and the bed.

"My boy to marry?" she cried, in an anguished voice. "Ah, dear, after you were mine for four years! Was it, precious, because I was older? They are taking the dear old house from me, my beloved. But I would have contrived to keep it if only you had come back to me. Come back, darling! Your bride of to-night cannot love you as I do. How you crept into my heart! And the more I loved you the more I hated—him."

The door opened. She engulfed the photograph in her bosom and clutched her robe over it, like a tigress hiding her cub.

"They want this room next," the man said, apologetically. "You had better dress. Shall I pack your trunk?"

"Why do you enter my room like that?" the woman panted. "Even *he*—used to knock."

"Valérie, the men will hear you."

"Then let them hear what manner of husband mine is. Let them know that they are here, in our home, because for years you have been living on my money—squandering it on horses."

The man leaned against the door with his hand on the knob. There was a rumbling and the rip-rip of carpets. "Valérie," he said, in a low voice, "in the old days I gratified your every material wish. I petted you, but I was so much older that perhaps I annoyed you. Thus we lived for thirteen years, till he came. I loved you, always shall."

"You love me," She leaned against the bed and laughed. But it was the laughter that stifles a sob. "You loved me when you arranged with my invalid father to marry me, giving me no choice, no voice? When you took me from the convent, a girl of seventeen, and you twenty years older, knowing I did not love you, shackled me to you? But my dot—generous dot, was it not? And how thoughtful to tear me from home and bring me to New York, where, for a long time, I remained a total stranger! And when you had given to the race-tracks the last of your own money, how easy to begin on mine! At last, I snatched from you the remnants of my dowry and with it built and furnished this house. But you compelled me to mortgage it. Then another mortgage, yet a third. And now—but when he came I ceased to care what you did. And I did not deceive you. I told you. But you remained here, and continued to spend my money. Now that the house is gone, take what remains of my dot and feed it to the horses."

The man opened the door and the woman thought he had gone. She took out the photograph and sat down on the bed, as if too weak to stand. "My love-life," she sobbed. "The home you made so happy, gone. Your love gone. Ah, if I could only see you once again

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"Enveloping all in an opera cloak, she swished through the hallway."

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—only once more—perhaps it would save me."

"Valérie," the man said, for he had not gone, "as you are younger than I, so he is younger than you."

The woman heeded not. She had thrown herself on the bed and was writhing and biting the pillows. The grief-storm had broken.

As the man went out, he whispered: "Dear!"

An hour later he returned. Still she lay there. "They are taking out the furniture downstairs," he said.

"If I could only see his face—once more," she moaned.

At noon the man said: "The library and the dining-room are dismantled."

The woman was weeping hysterically. "My boy—only once more," came from that smothered face in the pillows.

When, late in the afternoon the man came in, he brought a tray containing toast and tea. "Everything is gone," he said, "excepting the dishes and linen. I persuaded them to leave this room till to-morrow." The woman sat up, staring. The man touched her forehead. She struck his hand away, but he knew she was burning with fever. "If I—could only see him—once more."

"Valérie," the man said, "do you understand me? I will come right back." He made her lie down. At the door he paused. "She has humbled herself before me. As for my own pride—pooh! If I can only find him in time. I will use the telephone down the hill. Dear!"

When the woman awoke the room was dark. She sprang up, lighted the gas. Six bells chimed. "The bride is dressing," she murmured. "I must hurry. First, 'something new.'" She tore the Paris ticket from a pair of silk stockings. "And 'something borrowed.' There is no one to lend. Now 'something blue.'" "And she dropped a blue silk underskirt over her head. "Now I must wear what he liked." And presently she stood before the long mirror full dressed in a gown of black velvet, her shoulders and arms gleaming white. Then enveloping all in an opera cloak she swished through the hallway, and groped her way down the dark stairs. As she reached the front door it suddenly opened, struck her, made her stagger backward; and the man came in. He closed the door and standing with his back against it, said: "Where are you going?"

"To his wedding, fool. Open that door."

"You shall not—in your condition." He struck a match and, keeping between the woman and the door, he lighted the gas overhead.

"Valérie, listen. To-day my horse won. To-morrow I will buy back the furniture, and to-morrow this house shall be yours again, free of debt. I am through with horses. I promise you. We have yet a life before us; live it with me."

"Open that door," she said coldly, between clenched teeth. "What is the house, or you, or life to me, without him? Come!"

"Dear one, I have sent for him, asked him to see you once more. I thought it would make you happier."

"What!" she gasped. "Humbled me before him? You have besought him to come to me? You? It is well for you I am a woman. Let me out."

She sprang at him like a tigress, infuriated. He caught her in iron arms, lifted her from the floor, carried her up the stairs, stumbling over her trailing cloak, to her room. When he released her, she struck at him. But he hurried out, locking the door on the hall side. Instantly something struck the door, the panel splintered, crushed outward, that round, white arm, now torn and bleeding, protruded menacingly, and an enraged voice said: "I will kill you for this."

In the hall the man lay heaped on the floor, weeping like a boy.

Awhile the trembling woman paced the room, grew calm. At last she paused, looking down at the photograph on the table. Then she fell on her knees before it, encompassed it with her arms, supplicatingly. "Angel boy, see! Here are the arms you said were your comfort, longing for you; the lips you said were love's fountain, ready with kisses or smiles for you only; the woman to whom you vowed enduring love, the night before you left her, dying for you. Will you come

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back? I will divorce him, and marry you!"

She paused listening. Eight chiming bells. "Merciful God!" she cried, springing up. "I hear a deep, contralto voice singing softly the French words of the Lohengrin wedding-march!"

Pressing the photograph with both hands to her bosom, she advanced slowly, step by step, keeping measured pace with the music, to the bedside, where she stood silent.

"Now," she murmured in a far away voice, "they stand at the altar. 'Dearly beloved,'" a great sob welled forth, but she choked it back. Presently she continued: "If any man can show just cause why they may not be lawfully joined together, let him now speak or forever after hold his peace."

She knelt by the bedside. The torn, bleeding arm crept under the pillow and drew forth the steel cigar-shaped instrument. She pressed it against the arm that lay white on the coverlet, murmuring: "Peace."

At midnight they found her kneeling there. Tenderly the husband lifted her to the bed. On her arm where her head had rested, he saw a green speck.

The lover and his bride came and stood on either side the bed, the bridegroom in his wedding clothes, the radiant bride in her bridal dress, with its train flowing away, through the door. The bride bent her head and sorrowing tears fell upon the sleeping woman. Then, impulsively, she laid her bridal bouquet on the woman's breast.

"We drove out after the reception," the bridegroom said to the husband.

At the sound of that voice the woman came back from the dead, and sat up, staring round. With alarm in her eyes, the bride looked across to the bridegroom. He gave his bride a reassuring look of all-dominating love.

"Fear not for his happiness, fairy girl," said the dying woman, wearily. "Remorse will lie heavy in his heart. But he will be happy with you. As for me, ask yourself, fairy girl. What if he should cease to love you? Oh, I hear——" Again in a weak voice, she sang the French words of the Lohengrin wedding-march.

She had stretched forth her arms. But now they dropped; fell upon the bridal bouquet. She looked down, ceased singing, then looked up at the bridegroom. Suddenly, high she arose on the bed and hurled the bouquet in his face.

"Curse you!" she shrieked.

When the lover and his bride had gone, the husband, alone in that desolate house, knelt by his dead wife's side whispering again and again: "Dear!"

TACTLESS.

"Do you know that Flo's engagement is broken off?"

"No. How did it happen?"

"He sent her a song called, 'When we were young.'"

EXPERIENCE.

SPRINTER—The great thing in learning to cycle, is not to lose your head.

MISS NOVIS—Oh, I don't mind my head. It's losing my seat that hurts.

DICKIE HARPING DAVIS has been re-photographed in 4,275 positions. These pictures will be bound into a book, half calf—no, all calf, and devilled edges.

JAMES TENBRICK WHANGS made a joke last week It was hurriedly seized and put into type for *Sharper's Magazine*, *Sharper's Weekly*, *Sharper's Bazaar*, and *Sharper's Young Blokes*.

WILLIAM BEAN TARRE, the well-known Bostonian novelist, will write a book in which he will explain why New York isn't worth living in. To this a companion volume will be published by New York showing up Mr. Tarre. Some might think the novelist's book was a plot to reflect on New York were it not for the fact that Mr. Tarre never uses plots.

CALL HAINE has, on the advice of his publishers, bought a new hat.

MARY ANN CRAWFORD will not write more than sixty-four novels this year. Her family

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Photo by Baker's Art Gallery, Columbus, O.

MISS CARRIE FULTON, AS FRIGHTENED AS A FAWN.

You can see that for yourself. No woman who isn't frightened and shrinking and diffident, could possibly pose like that. It is the very personification of maidenly shyness. But perhaps you will not agree with us.

fears for her health.

ANTHONY SOAP has made a discovery. He states he has found out that the Prisoner of Zenda had a son by a previous marriage. This may be so, and it may not, but it looks suspicious. Yes, it looks like an excuse for writing more serials.

A BOOK on "Etiquette" will be brought out shortly by a well-known firm of publishers. It is said that the author is a woman noted for her literary genius in society. Some original chapters are: "How to Act When Waiting for a Train;" "What to Remark When a Complete Stranger Kicks You in the Face;" "The Proper Method of Eating Kidney Stew," and "How to Behave on the Roof."

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Photo by Reutlinger.

MDLLE. SOREL, A PARISIAN ACTRESS WHO NEVER MISSES AN OPPORTUNITY TO LOOK A CAMERA IN THE EYE.

Mdlle. Sorel is generally considered pretty, although her beauty is not altogether the type that appeals to Americans. It is ripe and luscious and well defined and suits the taste of the boulevardiers in no uncertain manner.

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Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

MDLLE. SOREL AS PLACID AND CONTENTED AS EVER.

This picture is no better than the other one of Mdlle. Sorel published in this issue but as it happens to be as good, we have no apologies to offer. Any woman who can wear a hat like that without growing lopsided is a genius and we take this opportunity of expressing our ardent admiration. Cinquevalli as a balancer isn't a half-dozen compared with Mdlle. Sorel.

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JUST A FEW BROADWAY SILHOUETTES.

By HOFFMAN AULIC.

It is a curious fact that while Weber and Fields are two of the best known theatrical men in the country, their faces without make-up are known to comparatively few people. That is why I firmly believe that my readers will be more than ordinarily interested in the photographs published herewith of the big little managers.

Photo by Sarony.

LEWIS FIELDS.

There is one thing I like about Weber and Fields; they have the courage of their convictions. They came to Broadway after Broadway had to all seeming made up its mind to get along without them. They were met on all sides by the information that they could not possibly make a success of the old Imperial Music Hall. George J. Kraus, its one time suave, gentlemanly and intellectual manager, who might have been taken for a Beau Brummel by a deaf, dumb and blind man, had sunk the Imperial to such a depth that everyone believed it was dead for all time as a factor in New York theatricals. It took Weber and Fields to prove what they were driving at, and in doing so they have incidentally made a fortune for themselves

JOSEPH WEBER.

I don't know Weber and Fields personally, but I am willing to take off my hat to any two men who are able to make of the old Imperial a place of entertainment where decent men and women are not ashamed to be found, and which is to-day, without doubt, the most unique establishment of its kind in New York.

I am told that George B. McLellan never had his picture taken, if so, I beg to fool him forthwith. This picture of Mr. McLellan, while not quite equal in artistic value to those taken by Sarony, Schloss, Chickering or Falk, will interest Mr. McLellan, because it was snapped without his knowledge as he came out of the Casino.

Photo by Vander Weyde, New York City.

G. B. McLELLAN, Coming out of the Casino.

And by the same token, here is a picture of Miss Clara Betz, with all her clothes on. This picture will undoubtedly interest all who have seen Miss Betz at the Casino, and who have gone away from the theatre after an evening with "Yankee Doodle Dandy" with the belief that clothes were not made for such as she.

However, Miss Betz has a fine figure (as many will swear to) and when she does wear clothes they fit her well. I am only too glad to be able to show this.

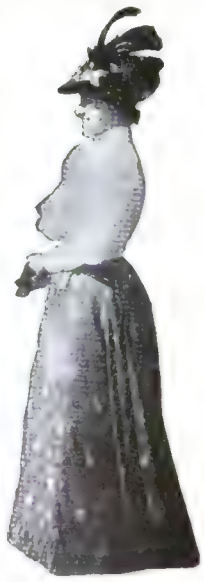

Photo by Vander Weyde.

CLARA BETZ WITH ALL HER CLOTHES ON.

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CUSTOMER—That must be a Tammany razor of yours.
BARBER—Why, sir?
CUSTOMER—It's got such a big pull!

UNEXPECTED.

CLERGYMAN (*showing a lady visitor around the church*)—Now, madam, you have seen the organ, the font, and the nave. I should next like to conduct you to the altar.

LADY VISITOR—Oh, this is so sudden.

"Do you have anything like police protection out here?"
"Oh, yes. There's only one policeman in the town, but we've got the prettiest servant girl."

CONTENTED.

SHE (*still blushing*)—Am I the first girl you ever kissed?

HE—No, darling; but you shall be the last.

SHE—Shall I really? Oh, George, it makes me so happy to think that.

"WOULD you marry a poor fool like me?"
"No; not a *poor* fool."

THE BEST PART.

MUDISON (*a budding fictionist*)—I hope you liked my new novel? It has a happy ending, at all events.

MISS STUMBLES (*enthusiastically*)—Yes; I was so relieved when I came to the last chapter.

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THREE HEADS OF EDDIE FOY, TAKEN WHEN THAT COMEDIAN WAS IN ITALY.

Mr. Foy who is a native of Chicago, and who, prior to his marriage to a pretty Italian girl, never showed any remarkable partiality for foreign climes, went to Milan, Italy, when he was in Europe last year, and visited the studio of L. Ricci. These heads are the result.

NOT AS A RULE.

"Mamie, why don't you marry Freddie Gott?"

"First, because he has no brains—he can't ride, dance, or play tennis. What could we do with him?"

"But he swims beautifully."

"Oh, yes, but one can't keep one's husband in an aquarium, you know."

YAH, YAH!

If there is anything in the world that will make a mule laugh his tail off, it is to see the man with a glass eye trying to wink it at a pretty girl.

Photo by Ogerau, Paris.

OTERO HAS HER PICTURE TAKEN FOR THE 999TH TIME.

Otero has faced the camera almost as often as she has the footlights. This is the very latest picture she has had taken. She has not, by the way, been the central figure in any remarkable scandals of late, and Paris is under the impression that she isn't feeling well.

SYMPATHY.

Chollie—I must weally pwotest! Your daughter—my wife—is—er—the most difficult women to get on with. She—er—er—

Father-in-Law—Say no more, my son; I am in a position to give you my truest and deepest sympathy—I married her mother!

Remains to be seen—Those of the corpse.

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Photograph by Rockwood, New York City.
F. H. LADENDORF,
New York *World*.

Photograph by Parkinson, New York City.
HOMER DAVENPORT,
New York *Journal*.

Photograph by Knafft & Bro., Knoxville, Tenn.
JOHN C. BAKER,
New York *World*.

Photograph by Schloss, New York City.
LOUIS DALRYMPLE,
Puck.

Photograph by Elite Studio, New York City.
M. de LIPMAN,
New York *Journal*.

Photograph by Rockwood, New York City.
CHARLES NELAN,
New York *Herald*.

Photograph by Orr, Sandy Hill, N. Y.
T. S. ALLEN,
New York *Journal*.

Photograph by Shaw, New York City.
J. S. PUGHE,
Puck.

EIGHT WELL-KNOWN NEW YORK ARTISTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

THE work, if not the faces, of all these artists is as familiar to New Yorkers, and indeed, to the country, as the names of the papers for which they do it. Ladendorf's comic drawings and Baker's excellent scenes in the Sunday *World;* Davenport's cartoon's, de Lipman's masterly likenesses, and Allen's unbeatable boys in the *Journal;* Nelan's cartoons in the *Herald*, and Dalrymple's and Pughe's illustrated jokes in *Puck*, are all as fine as they can be. Mr. de Lipman was unfortunately incapacitated for work recently, owing to a paralysis in his wrist. Mr. Baker is the art editor of his paper. Davenport is also known and admired at San Francisco, where he earned fame before coming hither.

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HE—I always make it a habit to kiss the girl I go out riding with.
SHE—Well, that's not a bad riding habit.

CONVENIENT.

A.—It is when a man is in trouble that he knows the value of a wife.

B.—Yes; he can put all his property in her name.

O. K.

CUSTOMER—Look here, waiter, I've found a button in this salad!

WAITER—That's all right, sir; it is part of the dressing.

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Photograph by Downey, London.

A NEW PICTURE OF MARIE STUDHOLME.

After glancing at this picture it is hard to understand the coldness with which Miss Studholme was received on her last visit here. Certain it was that there was not enough fervor in the reception to warm the index finger of her right hand. But that doesn't do away with the great shining truth that this is a spanking good picture.

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From photographs, copyrighted, 1896, by J. Schloss, New York.

LILLIAN RUSSELL, FROM THREE PICTURES TAKEN JUST PRIOR TO HER DEPARTURE FOR EUROPE, WHERE, IT IS SAID, SHE DID NOT SUCCEED IN MAKING THE RHINE OVERFLOW OR THE ALPS LOSE THEIR EQUILIBRIUM.

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Photo taken in Gay's Gallery of Art, Fall River, Mass.

IMOGENE COMER, ONE OF AMERICA'S GREATEST SINGERS.

Miss Comer at present is singing in the prominent vaudeville houses throughout the country. We do not consider ourselves over-enthusiastic in saying that she is so much superior to average vaudevillers in voice and method as to make them look like a box of wooden soldiers.

EVIDENT.

CHOLLIE—Youah daughtah has consented to mawy me, and—er—I'd like to know if there is any insanity in youah family.

OLD GENTLEMAN (*emphatically*)—There must be.

READY.

"Now my little girls and boys," said a teacher, "I want you to be very still—so still that you can hear a pin drop."

In a moment all was silent, when a little boy shrieked out:

"Let her drop!"

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WHO THEY ARE.

1, 4, 6, 7. Miss Mabel Gilman. 2, 5. Miss Virginia Earle 3. Yvette Violette. 8. Miss Paula Edwardes.

"A RUNAWAY GIRL" REALLY RUNS.

In spite of the efforts of several lyric writers, a band of librettists and a regiment of other interested ones running the gamut from composer to conductor and electrician, "A Runaway Girl," as produced at Daly's Theatre on Broadway, is a brisk entertainment. Not even the fact that Mr. Daly has been obliged by the exigencies of stock organization to miscast some of the rôles, "A Runaway Girl" still remains crisp and at times really sparkling.

The piece is all about a young school miss who runs away with a band of traveling musicians because she does not want to marry the man whom she eventually meets and weds. You see it is a good old conventional plot in the major chords, but the minor strings are touched so deftly that "A Runaway Girl" becomes a pulsating young creature who wins our sympathy and approbation.

Virginia Earle in the title rôle presents a picture that is at once pretty and striking. She sings as well as her voice will permit and acts with much vivacity.

Paula Edwardes, as the gypsy girl from Black Friars Road, furnishes a most remarkable example of cockneyism.

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Photograph by Reutlinger.

MDLLE. DELIÈRE.

The French girl who has been singing her lays at Koster & Bial's. Mdlle. is decidedly pretty, and can sing a saucy French song in a way that would bring a new light into the eyes of a hermit.

SHE PROBABLY DID.

MISS FLUTTERBY—Oh, Mr. Soper, didn't I see you asleep in church?

MR. SOPER—I really could not say if you did. But I *was* asleep.

NO HURRY.

WAITER—Here's the bill of fare, sir.

FARMER HAYRICK—Well, no thank ye! I don't care to read till after I've had somethin' to eat.

SAFE.

NELLY—I hope she won't say anything about that.

ROSE—Perhaps she won't. I didn't ask her to keep it quiet.

CONTINUOUS.

"When did the Reverend Mr. Henpect take orders?"

"Let me see. He was married in 1881, and he's been taking them ever since."

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ISSUED ON THE FIRST DAY OF EACH MONTH.

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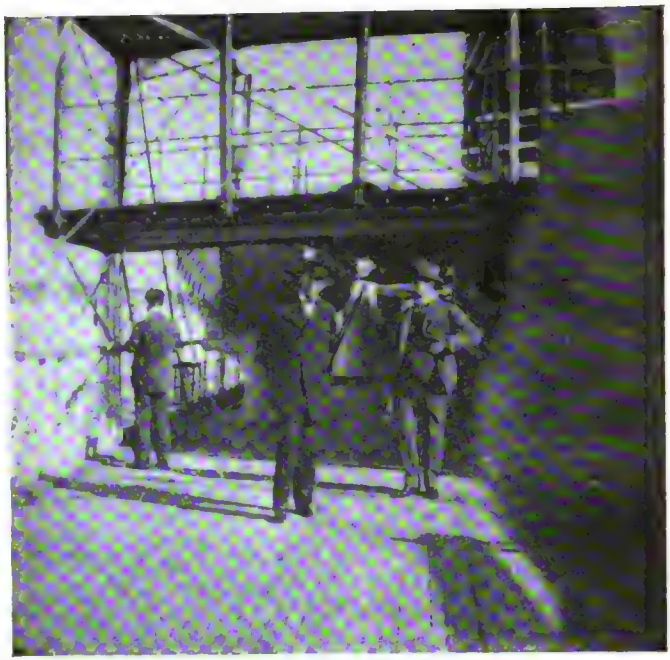

SNAPSHOT ON THE BRITANNIC, SHOWING AUGUSTIN DALY AND HARRY B. SMITH IN ANIMATED CONVERSATION.

If Mr. Smith is trying to sell Mr. Daly a libretto, it's really none of our business. We simply publish the picture because it is interesting.

While we think of it: You should not, under any circumstances, miss the December issue of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE. It will be a special Holiday Number and nothing else quite so smart and daintily picturesque will be found on the news stands.

There will be bigger holiday numbers; there will be magazines in which such ethical problems as "The Terrible Awfulness of the Unspeakable Why," or "The Relation of the Pink-eyed Ugg Tree to the Icthyosaurus Species of the Porgie Bush" will be treated in a scholarly and instructive manner; in others you will be able to find learned essays on "Why Children Prefer Teething Rings to Snow Ploughs" and "The Pliocene Period of Craters,

LILY LANGTRY DRIVING HER FAMOUS PIEBALD HORSES IN HYDE PARK.

These animals were presented to Mrs. Langtry by the late Squire Abingdon, and this picture was taken recently by a correspondent of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

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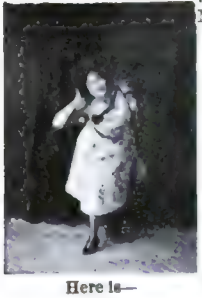
PEARL ANDREWS AS ANNA HELD AND OTHERS.

Miss Andrews as herself.

Miss Andrews and a Hat.



Here is—

certainly—

Looking into her future.

Just like her.

Anna Held.

There is a division of opinion as to the exact measure of praise which should be accorded Pearl Andrews as a stage mimic. There are some who contend that she will do; there are others who have a well-defined opinion that there are just a few other women on the American stage whose genius outranks that of Pearl Andrews to a very considerable degree. However, be that as it may, there is no denying the fact that Miss Andrews has attained a position of some importance which is shown by the fact that she can generally work somewhere at some price for a good many weeks in the year. If this is not the gauge by which we may measure her art it certainly gives her some excuse for believing that the managers want her.

Miss Andrews is, by the way, a daughter of ex-Commissioner of Street Cleaning Andrews, of New York City. She has given imitations of Chevalier and other famous people with more or less fidelity. Her imitations of Anna Held are remarkable chiefly from the fact that although she is utterly different from the French singer from the important physical standpoint, she succeeds in making up like her to an astonishing degree.

These pictures of Miss Andrews show her in poses suggesting the little French singer: the three lower ones you will admit could almost pass as likenesses of Miss Held.

Miss Andrews intends to give an imitation of Mansfield in "Cyrano de Bergerac."

Showing Why Vesuvius Works Overtime;" perhaps, too, such literary morsels as "Richard Harding Davis Discusses His Dress Suit" and Laura Jean Libbey's new serial "Mother, May I Go Out to Swim?" Many other magazines will publish many other things all highly elevating and instructive.

We beg to assure you that none of these will appear in the Holiday Number of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE. It is our belief that we have succeeded in printing something like 65,500 copies of this issue of the BROADWAY because we have striven to entertain without forcing down the throats of our readers the highly meritorious but ofttimes tiresome and undesirable literary pap that some publishers consider absolutely necessary to the good will and higher education of their readers.

Let us remark in passing that it is not our intention to educate. We consider that our readers know just as much as we do, and if they don't, they can go to night school.

* * *

To summarize: Get our Holiday Number. It will be bright, crisp and dashing and we hope an improvement over any preceding issue. That is all we claim for it. Place your orders in advance or you may go without a copy.

* * *

Just a word to newsdealers. We thank you for the interest you take in the BROADWAY MAGAZINE, but please don't blame us if you don't get all the copies you require. From all parts of the country during the past four weeks we have received complaints from dealers who said they had sold out their supply completely and could not secure extra copies.

Order what you require early in the month and you will not lose so many sales.

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MISS MIGNON HAUN IN A VARIETY OF POSES.

Miss Haun is not a star; she simply adds to the general joyousness of the occasion in "Yankee Doodle Dandy" on the road.

INDEPENDENT.

A little girl was sitting on the floor, when the sun shone in her face.

"Go 'way! go 'way!" she cried, striking out at it.

"You move, dear, and it won't trouble you," said her mama.

"I s'ant; I dot here first," said the little one.

SHE KNEW.

LITTLE ETHEL—What is it these anarchists people talk about?

LITTLE JOHNNY—W'y, they wants everything everybody else has got, an' they never wash theirselves.

LITTLE ETHEL—Oh, I see. They is little boys growed up.

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The Red Soubrette's Gossip

SA-AY, maybe Ada Dare and George Ehret didn't take the breath away from the Broadway crowd.

When the news that these two were married reached Shanley's, the red walls upstairs blushed, the customers gasped and the waiters forgot to hang around for tips.

And you can bet when a Shanley waiter forgets that, he's excited.

The whole Ada Dare business from beginning to end is a pretty queer one, and if it were ever written out it would make a good many men who are well known along the street rush to take the next train for White Plains.

However, now that they're really married, everything should be forgotten, and even I, who don't as a rule care very much for other people's feelings, will dismiss the matter by wishing the couple more happiness than they will ever find between Twenty-third Street and the Park.

Honest, Richard Mansfield must be the limit.

I was talking to one of the girls in his company just before the production of "Cyrano de Bergerac." She had a long face and a longer story.

"I don't know whether I can stand it or not," said she, swallowing her Manhattan with one gulp. She generally sips it, so I knew she was in trouble. "If anyone had told me three months ago that I would put up with what I am standing every day I would have laughed at him, but now the laugh is on me. I haven't very much of a part in the new piece, but that doesn't make any difference to the sweet Mr. Mansfield. He makes it just as unpleasant for me as he does for his principals, and they, poor devils, are so rattled that they don't know where they stand half the time. This is my sixth season on the stage and my first one with Mr. Mansfield. But all the others rolled into one haven't given me half the annoyance this one has. Some days I think that Mansfield will fall down in a fit of apoplexy, he gets so excited and crazy mad with all of us. He never knows his mind for five minutes at a time. Every time he makes a change to suit his own aims he thinks that everybody should drop right into the scene as if it had been rehearsed a hundred times, and when things do not go smoothly he grows fairly livid,

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dances around like a maniac and makes everyone long for a two weeks' notice. I tell you right now if I knew at the beginning what I know at this moment I would never have applied for a position in Mansfield's company. Yet I want to do justice to him. I really think he is the only actor I have ever played with before. Nothing seems to escape his eye. He is his own star, his own manager, his own everything. Of course, poor little A. M. Palmer thinks he's the manager, but, bless your soul, the poor old boy can't say his soul is his own sometimes, although I know both the men are very fond of each other."

* * *

GRACE HEYER, a member of Mansfield's company, seems to have caught the eye of the town. Although she is only an extra girl or something of the sort, I have heard people say that she is a great beauty.

My advice to Miss Heyer: Stay away from Broadway.

* * *

SA-AY, did you read Clara Lipman's account of the Democratic Convention at Saratoga?

Of course, she wrote it herself. She is very, very clever with a pen. I know this because I once saw her sign her name in a hotel register.

* * *

GOOD heavens!

It cannot be!

I don't believe it for a moment!

Abe Hummel to become a benedict!

Never!

Someone told me the other night that such was his intention. If you notice a wail of despair in any of these lines you will understand just how I feel about this matter.

Abe Hummel to get married! Perish the thought! As soon would I believe that the sun would hide behind a cloud or that the world would turn inside out and refuse to go back again.

Of course, there is no particular reason why Mr. Hummel shouldn't get married. He's still young. He has a big income and he's always a very well-groomed man.

But for heaven's sake where would we girls go for advice if Mr. Hummel should desert us? Not that he shows any particular preference for any of us, mind you, but it's just as natural for us to go to Abe Hummel for advice as it is to go to Shanley's for our cocktails.

Well, there's the story for what it is worth, but I can tell you right now that if there is any truth in it Broadway will indulge in large wads of black bunting and the *Herald* owls will whistle the dead march from "Saul."

* * *

HOW those cabmen love each other! I took a ride in a horseless carriage the other day, and upon my word I thought that every other cabman on the street who had one of the old-fashioned horse affairs wanted to interview us.

I only rode from Twenty-third Street to Forty-fifth, but during that time it seemed to me that at least fifteen other cabs wanted to come up and embrace ours. The way those drivers drove across us, back of us, beside us and against us was a caution to an ambulance corps, and every time we brushed skirts my driver and the other one would howl challenges at each other just like two game roosters.

Their choice of pet names aroused my deepest admiration.

* * *

I NOTICE that Ada Lewis is with Roger Brothers this year. It's a wonder somebody hasn't starred that girl. She's worth it. Some day somebody will write a play that suits her, put her out and make lots of money. And then everybody else will wonder why it wasn't thought of before.

* * *

"TOM" WISE has gone with Willie Collier this year. I mention this fact because a good many women of the profession will be interested. "Tom" Wise besides being one of the best stage managers in the country, is also a gentleman and doesn't treat women who happen to be rehearsing under him as if they were totally unworthy of decent treatment.

Girls, take off your hats to "Tom" Wise. Then think of some other stage managers we know and make a face.

THE RED SOUBRETTE.

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Saint Anthony's Sole Request

PERCIVAL PASH

Oh! Anthony he was a sterling saint.
With a terrible dread of Hades;
So he kept himself within restraint,
And lived on little without complaint.
His character had one only taint—
He was somewhat fond of the ladies!

And the Devil he said, said he: "I guess
This saint I would fain control!
He'd useful be, I must confess
In my general line of bus-i-ness;
Oh, he is so good, I *must* possess
This excellent person's soul!"

So the Devil began with fiendish care
To tempt this good old creature
With visions of girls surpassing fair,
Clad, generally, in their heads of hair,
For, taken in all, their clothing there
Disguised not a single feature.

Suffice it to say, that as he gazed,
Saint Anthony mopped his brow;
He thought to himself, as he sat there dazed,
He'd never before been so amazed,
And incipient gleams in his optics blazed—
But he shuddered and thought of his vow!

He thought of his vow, and so at last,
He conquered the situation;
And when those alluring damsels passed
Satan, chagrined, stood there aghast;
He felt by the saint he was outclassed,
And left him in indignation.

The saint was left in his humble cell,
A-wiping his forehead wet,
He thought, as his breast begin to swell
With an agitation he could not quell,
Of those scrumptious girls and also well,
He thought with—alas!—regret.

The perspiration freely poured
And his heart went pit a-pat;
Then he went unto his humble hoard
And took a big drink of wine aboard,
And he wiped his mouth, and he said: "O Lord,
Please tempt me again like that!"

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WHO THEY ARE.

1, 2, 6. Miss Grace Freeman.
3, 4. The Star Himself.
5. Miss Maude White.
7. Miss Harriet Sterling.

WHICH IS TO BLAME—

SAM BERNARD OR "THE MARQUIS OF MICHIGAN?"

Mr. Bernard's friends say it is the authors' fault. The friends of the authors say it is the fault of Mr. Bernard who really isn't as funny as they had thought.

No matter what the reason may be there is not the slightest doubt that "The Marquis of Michigan" as produced at the Bijou Theatre is anything but a vivid and a lasting success. In fact, New Yorkers are ready to swear that an unfunnier piece than this has not been seen in New York since "La Falote" wriggled uneasily on to the stage of the Casino last year, gave a few gasps and expired to the derisive jeers of a stupified audience.

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Photographs by Geo. Smith, Cincinnati, O. ; Endean & Enwright, Cleveland, O.; A. M. Platt, Toledo, O.; Baker's Art Gallery, Columbus, O.

JUST A FEW WELL-KNOWN FACES.

1. Eleanor W. Lerron. 2. Olga Nethersole. 3. Nina Huntly. 4. Esta Dean. 5. Anne Leonard.

E. W. Townsend, who dramatized his own book, "Chimmie Fadden" should know better. Glen MacDonough, who wrote "The Prodigal Father," and pieces even less tiresome, should know better. Each however is fortunate in having the other as a collaborator so that he can shift the blame on the other's shoulders.

Sam Bernard is certainly not as funny now as he was in the days when he had a different setting and a different face. His straight make-up will not do. At any rate, it doesn't do in "The Marquis of Michigan." He has moments when he is downright funny and makes his hearers laugh by the very force of his personality rather than because of the funny lines that have been given him. These moments, however, are comparatively few and the audience finds itself wishing that they were back again to the old Weber & Field days with Sam Bernard in the middle flanked by the other two funny Dutchmen and getting loyal and effective support by such experts at fun making as John T. Kelly and Charles J. Ross.

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WILLIAM CORLISS,
Broadway Theatre Opera Company.

CLAUDE H. BROOKES,
"The Royal Box."

E. M. ELITCH,
Proctor's Pleasure Palace, New York.

GEORGE HONEY,
"The French Maid.

T. MARTIN,
Pastor's Theatre, New York.

WILLIAM GOULD,
"The Belle of New York."

WILLIAM REDMUND,
Murray Hill Theatre, New York.

W. H. FITZGERALD,
"The Bostonians."

SOME STAGE MANAGERS WE HAVE MET.

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"WHY, the fairy hero in your picture looks like your husband."
"Yes, that's where the fairy story part comes in."

A SEVENTH AVENUE MARRIAGE.

"Andrew, does you lub dis yer woman?"

"I duz so."

"Will you promise to stick close froo time an' 'tarnity, renouncin' all oders an' cleabin' to her for eber an' eber an' amen?"

"I will dat."

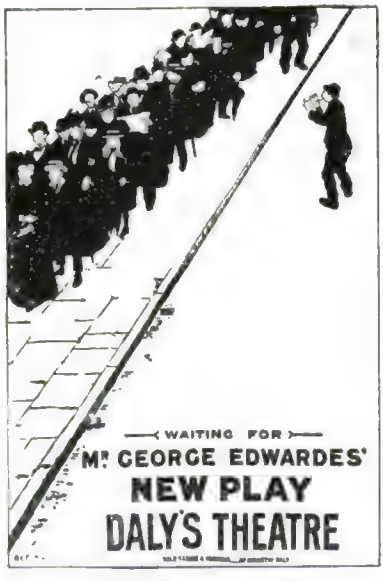
"Will you lub, honor, an' 'bey——?"

"Hold on dar, Ole Jack!" interrupted the groom, with no little indignation; "'tain't no use of talkin' to dis nigger 'bout 'beyin' de wimen-folks!"

"Silence, dar, you owdumptious nigger!" roared the wrathful preacher. "What fur you go fur spilin' de grabity of de 'casion? Now, don't you go fur to open your black mouf until de time fur you to speak. Will you promise to lub, honor, and 'bey dis yer nigger Susy, furnishin' her wid all tings needed fur comfort an' happiness, an' protectin' from sufferin, 'an' makin' smoov de path of all her precedin' days to come?"

"I suppose I mus' say yes to dat."

"Den I pronounce dese yer two couples to be man an' wife, an' whom I has put assunder let no man go fur to join togedder."



A NEW LONDON POSTER.
Waiting for the doors to open.

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MISS JULIET NESVILLE IN A FRENCH SONG.

FREGOLI IN THE ONE MAN OPERA.

MISS CISSIE LOFTUS IMITATING GUS ELEN.

MUSICAL CONDUCTOR BYNG.

JOE ELVIN SINGS "ONE OF THE BOYS."

FRED STOREY AS PIERROT.

The London representative of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE sends some pen and ink sketches, published herewith, of prominent music hall folks, some of whom are well known on both sides of the Atlantic. It may surprise American theatre-goers to hear that one program at the Alhambra carries the names of six people who are as well known as those depicted herewith. As a matter of fact, these are only part of a program containing twenty-four numbers which is something utterly unknown in America.

CHARLES T. ALDRICH AND A FEW OTHER THINGS.

Juliet Nesville is here shown in the first costume in which she made her appearance on the music hall stage. It will be remembered that Miss Nesville some time ago quarreled furiously with George Edwardes and went over to the music halls.

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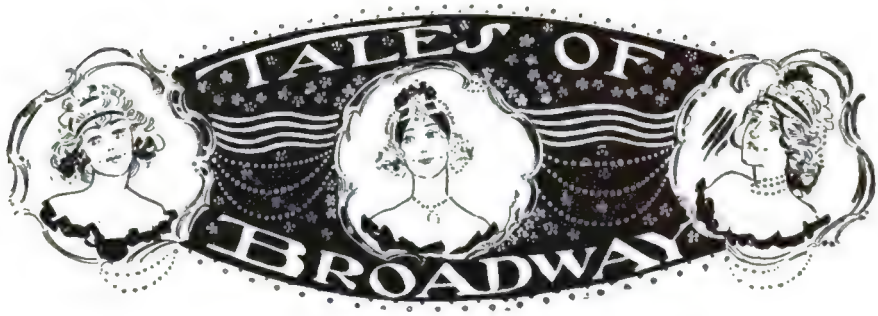

No. VIII.

HOW THE OLD FLAME WENT OUT.

By Gordon Palmer.

FRED BASCOM and his wife had indulged in a frightful quarrel that morning.

You see, Fred had never pretended to be an angel; in fact, he was one of the gayest spirits that ever dallied with a lobster à la Newburg at Stewart's or stayed up until the lights were put out at Shanley's. He had had so many affairs of the heart that he had really lost all count.

But Fred was no hypocrite. When he had asked Edith Merriam to become Mrs. Bascom he made a clean breast of it and didn't spare himself in any particular. He even went into details about his last liaison with the handsome Bella Scott, upon whom he had succeeded in a remarkably short space of time and in a specially spectacular manner in spending nearly all his patrimony. He even told Edith that the discarded sorceress might make trouble for him.

But Edith, sensible little girl, said she was taking him for what he intended to be instead of what he had been. And so they were married and this morning, for the first time, they had quarrelled because she had found in the pocket of one of his old coats a photograph of a fallen divinity which he had neglected to destroy.

He had come uptown for lunch just in order to make it up with her. Stealthily unlocking the door of their pretty apartment he went in on tip-toe for the purpose of surprising her.

Entering the hallway he was about to go to his wife's room when the sound of voices from the parlor reached his ear. Great Heavens! Surely those were the teasing tones of Bella Scott! He looked cautiously in through the portière. Yes. Bella Scott it was. She was saying:

"I daresay you know who I am?"

Edith denied the implied honor.

"Then you're lucky!" retorted Bella. "But your husband does, and that's the chief point. The servant told me he was at home." She swept the modest little apartment with a scornful glance.

"My husband is out," said Edith. "Anything you have to say may be said to me."

"Indeed?" replied Bella. "Well, I have got a good many things to say."

Edith folded her hands.

"First," continued Bella, "I want to say your husband is the writer of those letters." And she deposited a formidable bundle on the table. "They were written to me—you may read them if you choose."

"I have no desire to do so," replied Edith valiantly.

"They would interest you," the other went on. "You could compare them with those he has, I daresay, written to you."

Edith was silent; she played with her wedding ring.

"Perhaps you would care to see them in the newspapers," the other added, viciously, as her remarks failed to move Mrs. Bascom. "I know a reporter who

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would dress 'em up well; they'd want a little fixing, for a paper I know of."

"I conclude, then, that the lawyer marked 'no case'?" observed Edith, and Bella glanced angrily at her.

"I do not take my—wrongs to a law court!" she said, magnificently.

"In that you show your wisdom," replied Edith. Bella looked at her again, with something approaching respect, but there was a sparkle beneath the eyelids.

"Come, what will you give to prevent it?" she asked.

"Nothing," responded Edith, quietly.

"He would be of a different opinion!" observed Bella.

"Hardly," said the wife; "he is not a fool."

"You are the first woman who ever said that of him," retorted Bella.

"I do not doubt it!" replied Edith, with much significance, and the other reddened slightly.

"All women are the same to him," continued Bella, recovering herself. "What is the difference between you and me? A wedding-ring."

"And all it symbolizes," rejoined the wife, softly.

"That's a flat on the fifth floor, with steam-heat and hot water—not!" sneered the other.

"O, it symbolizes more," said Edith, but her tone was weaker: the thrust had gone home, for the study of steam and hot water had been forced upon her of late.

"And what is that, pray?" demanded Bella insolently.

"To explain would be to insult your intelligence — and yourself," replied Edith.

"Oh, I'm not thin-skinned!" laughed Bella.

"I made allowances," rejoined Edith.

Bella's lips became a thin line of scarlet. Then they parted, and she smiled. She had always possessed a most unfeminine sense of humor. The two women stood looking at each other across the table, Bella's dazzling smile lighting her face, the wife pale, yet never so beautiful. The other gathered up the letters and began to shuffle them as one would a pack of cards.

"You are just dying to read 'em," she said.

Edith's voice said "No;" but her face was not so explicit.

"Here's one—it's poetry," continued Bella. "It was written for a corset I invented, the Bella Scott corset—you might have heard of it?"

"No, it must have been before my time," said Edith innocently.

"Possibly, you came rather late in the day," retorted the other.

"But came to stay!" answered the wife.

Bella laughed. After a moment she gathered the letters together; whatever had been her purpose in coming, her grasp upon it was gone. Fred withdrew from the portière hurriedly. In a few minutes the woman departed, secretly gritting her teeth.

Presently Edith came out. In the hall she met her husband.

He passed his arm about her waist, and kissed her. She put both her own around his neck.

"My wife!" said he.

"You old goose," she whispered, biting his ear, "I saw you all the time!"

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THE LATE CAROLINE MISKEL HOYT.
From one of her latest pictures taken.

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SCENE AT END OF ACT II. OF "THE CHARLATAN." MR. HOPPER SHOWN AT EXTREME RIGHT.

MR. KLEIN CANNOT SMOTHER MR. HOPPER.

THE trouble with "The Charlatan" is that it did not have a Harry B. Smith as its librettist. Its music is tuneful and considerably more. It is ambitious to the point of austerity at times, but as a whole the score is so much better than the average comic opera twaddle as to be noteworthy in every respect.

Charles Klein, however, happens to be a small, serious person with absolutely no conception of what comprises comic opera humor, and who, after he has devised a few fairly good songs and written out a couple of well turned lyrics drops his pen, rubs his chin and wonders what next to do. That's where Harry B. Smith would come in. At such a crisis he would interject a rattling good topical song, some whimsical quips for the comedienne, and a love song for the tenor, containing both atmosphere, sentiment and rythmic beauty.

However, "The Charlatan" stops very many miles this side of being anything but a good entertainment. In the first place, as I have said, its score is excellent. It is put on magnificently, the girls are young and pretty, De Wolf Hopper is given, or rather has made the proper opportunities, and librettist Klein has not succeeded in dampening the spirit of the occasion by pushing his own personality too much to the fore.

1. MR. KLEIN. 2. MR. BARNUM. 3. MISS JUDSON. 4. MISS BERGEN. 5. MR. STANLEY.

When first produced Mr. Hopper played the character of the Charlatan.

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MISS GALLISON,
Who doesn't always wear that queer head-dress.

VIOLETTE,
Who dances as well as she poses.

H. S. NORTHRUP,
From the Pacific Coast, and now a member of "Under the Red Robe" company.

FRED SOLOMON,
Actor, composer, stage manager and other things.

FOUR PEOPLE YOU MAY MEET ANY DAY ON BROADWAY.

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GIN FIZZES AND THINGS.

THERE seems to be considerable foundation for the rumor that Lillian Russell has not set Continental music-hall frequenters into a state of the warmest enthusiasm. According to some authorities, she has, in comparison to the booming and salary she received, been something dangerously near a frost. While I cannot vouch for this I am still prepared to believe that Miss Russell has not been the biggest kind of a favorite, for had this been so we would have been regaled long before this with picturesquely worded cables telling us of her onslaught upon the hearts of Continental audiences and of her tumultuous artistic success. However, were Miss Russell's reception abroad as lacking in warmth as a wet sponge on a wintry night, it would not change my conviction that she is still the real thing. There is as much difference between Lillian Russell and the average fat and paunchy German prima donna with lots of voice and the deportment of a cook, or between Lillian Russell and the chirrupy, bedizened, shrill-throated prima donna of the French school, as there is between a shining golden eagle and thirty cents. And to come a little nearer home, point out if you can one woman on our own stage who possesses at one and the same time those sparkling eyes, those gleaming shoulders, that lustrous hair, that liquid voice and that shining beauty which is still as resplendent as the rays of a noonday sun. No doubt you will say that I am making a fool of myself over Lillian Russell. Well, perhaps I am. She is worth it, and this in spite of European audiences; and be hanged to them.

There wouldn't be very much in "The Little Corporal" for me without the mirth-provoking Lulu Glaser. Her fun is like spontaneous combustion let loose. It is almost impossible to believe that this skittish little woman with the pretty face and the true methods of a comedienne is the same meek-eyed, docile and almost colorless young woman who greeted our eyes in some of the earlier Wilson productions. Francis Wilson is specially fortunate in having such a woman to support him, and I'll wager that there are two or three other comic opera comedians, whose names you know as well as I, who would give their eye teeth to have her in their casts. Miss Glaser, however, seems to have considerable more stability than the average comic opera singer, as she seems to consider it only the decent thing to remain with the organization that has made her, which is very nice and unusual of her.

While "The Little Corporal" is not by any means the best thing that Harry Busy Smith has given us, it is a bright, crisp entertainment full of smart lines such as few other American librettists ever evolve. For instance, there is decided piquancy, especially

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when given before a New York audience, in the lines which *Petitpas* (Mr. Wilson) says to *Jacqueline* (Miss Glaser): "It is not for me to climb the steps that lead to your elevated station." "The Little Corporal" is full of good things like this.

I wonder, by the way, who ever fooled Maud Lillian Berri into the belief that she is a prima donna. Whoever did so should be sentenced to solitary confinement for life and be obliged to listen to Miss Berri sing every Friday morning at half-past three.

John Drew is a rather unique type of American star. If he were not he would refuse to appear in "The Liars" and try to convince the audience that he is the star. He really isn't, for the new Henry Arthur Jones piece makes the part of *Colonel Sir Christopher Deering* one of the chief rôles without making it stand out any more prominently than any of the other half-dozen characters. But Drew always carries the evening by the grace and ease of his acting, and this only serves to throw out in still bolder relief the poor work of Miss Isabelle Irving. She is more than simply not good. She is plain bad. A more pulseless, unconvincing little bundle of affectation than her *Lady Jessica* I don't care to see again. Elizabeth—in the days agone it was Bessie—Tyree, was most excellent in a comparatively small part. In gowning she eclipsed Elsie de Wolfe in her palmiest days. Annie Irish, tall, broad and deep, plays *Lady Rosamond* with all the finesse of a petite woman and the slashing touch of a large one. Louis Baker, minus his mustache, played *Freddie Tatton* as well as he can play anything, which means that he is as bad as usual. Mr. Drew is really very cruel to his brother-in-law. I am quite certain he uses him only as a foil.

MISS SYBIL CARLISLE,
A fluffy-haired English girl, in that breezy comedy, "A Brace of Partridges," at the Madison Square Theatre.

I hate and loathe the average Strand comedy with its atmosphere of 'alf-and-'alf. It is generally a muggy, dull, irritating and a maudlin sort of an affair that reeks of stodgy British humor. That's why "A Brace of Partridges," as played at the Madison Square Theatre, fooled me completely. It is nothing less than great. That Reeves-Smith who plays the double rôle of a clean limbed young Englishman and his asinine cousin is about as clever a man as England has ever sent us. He and Louis Bradford, who was the principal comedian in that silly three hours

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MISS CHARLOTTE CRANE,
Who may join the Empire Theatre Stock Company next season.

of fiddle-faddle, "The Shop Girl," are the only English comedians of recent years who have anything like a light and gladsome touch. George Shelton, who plays the waiter, has a row of teeth and a safety-valve smile that would put even Theodore Roosevelt to shame.

While the men in "A Brace of Partridges" are superior at every point of the compass to the women, Miss Sybil Carlisle cannot be called anything but good. It is true that she is very, very English, but it is equally true that she is very, very pretty, and acts with a freshness and verve that are refreshing. One of her companion players, Miss Mabel Lane, would be passing fair if it were not for the fact that she clothes her tall, lithe form in a dress that gives her the appearance of an elongated bean-pole that has been slightly bent in the middle.

ETHEL JACKSON,
Who came over here to play "Little Miss Nobody" and finally drifted into "Hotel Topsy Turvy."

Frank L. Perley has certainly made no mistake in his new venture. "The Fortune Teller," with little Alice Nielsen in the title rôle,

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comes as near being a lasting success as anything I have run across this season. Alice Nielsen has everything to herself. With Lillian Russell out of the way—and for that matter the two women are so unlike that they do not clash at all—what other starring prima donna is there who can boast of Miss Nielsen's youth, spirits, vivacity and voice? Not one that I can recollect. Having made her hit Miss Nielsen and her manager have the satisfaction of knowing it will be a good many years before the critics can use that poisoned dagger of criticism, to wit, "Miss Nielsen sang and acted quite as well as she did ten years ago when she was in the heydey of her fame."

Richard Golden as the *Ballet Master* in "The Fortune Teller" comes pretty nearly being as funny as Joseph Herbert is lachrymose and tearfully unfunny. I have been told many and many a time that Herbert was a very funny and clever actor, and I have tried to convince myself that this is the truth. I refuse to do so any longer. If Herbert is funny, Marshall P. Wilder is a prince of comedians.

It is said that Charlotte Crane is to join the Empire Theatre Stock Company next season. There is some doubt in my mind as to the truth of this rumor. At any rate, Miss Crane is good enough even for the Empire, and if I were she I wouldn't waste my life in a long drawn out endeavor to win fame before the enthusiastic but not very discriminating audiences of Pulaski, Ia., and Crooked Creek, Mont.

Wasn't that a truly touching story about the attempt of those two perfect gentlemen of the ring, Mr. James J. Corbett and Mr. Charles "Kid" McCoy to kill each other in the Gilsey House? Mr. McCoy says it was Mr. Corbett's fault and Mr. Corbett is equally modest in disclaiming the credit and says Mr. McCoy was the transgressor. I would like to know the name of the man who stopped these two worthies from annihilating each other. New York owes him the greatest kind of a grudge.

There is considerable curiosity in New York to know just how Ethel Jackson and "Little Miss Nobody" fared on the road. While it is true that Charles Frohman gave up the idea of presenting Miss Jackson at the Garden Theatre because of the importance of the Mansfield production of "Cyrano de Bergerac," it was thought that time would be secured at an early date at some other New York theatre. It has been suggested that Miss Jackson would come to New York and make the same instantaneous and unqualified hit which Edna May made in London. Miss Jackson certainly has not set us wild in "Hotel Topsy Turvy." She is only slightly pretty and not at all as clever as fifty other girls along Broadway who do not aspire to have their names in large print.

I wish to make an apology for a mistake I made in this department last month. Mr. Alexander Comstock, perhaps the most brilliant failure in American theatricals, was not the gentleman who has been negotiating for the purchase of the Olympia for several million dollars. Some time ago Mr. Comstock caught his forefinger in the jam of a door at his chateau in Red Bank, N. J. and he will not be able to write million dollar checks for some time to come.

Gilson Willets, the well-known young journalist and novel writer from whose lively pen a story appears in this issue of the Broadway Magazine, has sailed for Havana. Willets, who is one of the most enterprising of the younger school of New York newspaper men, intends to write a book on the reconstruction of Cuba. If he will only let us know how to reconstruct men of the Weyler type he will confer a lasting favor on humanity.

Now that the United States Government has decided that it can get along without the services of Mr. James G. Blaine, Jr., it is not at all unlikely that the young gentleman will once more renew his acquaintance with Broadway. In consequence of this delightful prospect a new stock of clubs has been laid in along the street.

The Man on Broadway.

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THE BOYS—What is it?
THE GIRL—That I'm a rose between two thorns.

THE HELP

"It seems to me, Mary, that my coffee is much stronger to-day than usual."

"Oh, dear! I'm afraid I brought the coffee I made for myself."

PROOF OF IT.

"Do you believe in second sight?"

"To a certain extent I do. I have more than once seen double."

THINGS.

"How is the boiler business, Mr. Noyes?"

"Very quiet, Mr. Graves. How is undertaking?"

"Quite lively, Mr. Noyes, quite lively."

"Hello, old chap! I called at your flat this afternoon, and your servant told me you'd just gone out. Say, isn't that girl a little corker! I wanted to hug her."

"Servant nothing! We bounced the servant last week. That was my wife."

HOW HE KNEW.

WIFE (*to husband dressing*) — Why, Harry, it isn't time to get up!

HUSBAND—Yes, it must be; baby's just gone to sleep.

MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

FIRST STRANGER—I say, that's my umbrella you have.

SECOND STRANGER—I don't doubt it, sir—I bought it at a pawnbroker's.

HIS SCHEME.

"Does he ever tell the truth?"

"Oh, yes. When he wants to deceive people."

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BURGLAR—Hush! I'm walkin' in my sleep, guv'nor. Don't wake me of a suddent, or it might be the death of me.

CUTE.

HOTEL WAITER—Shall I take your order now, or will you wait till your mama comes in?

LITTLE GIRL—I wish you'd take it now. Mama never orders anything 'cept what's good for me.

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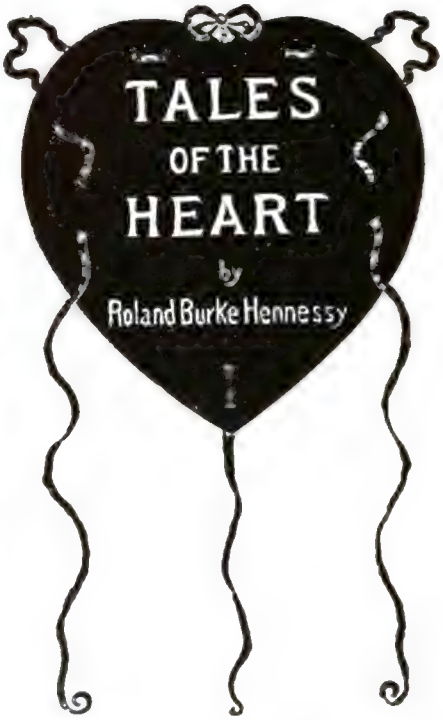

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FATE.

Most any man, until he dies,
Still "wants the earth," while failure frets him;
But yet don't seem to realize
The earth wants him—and finally gets him.

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Photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

JESSIE BARTLETT DAVIS TURNING HER BACK ON THE WORLD.

We haven't any explanation to offer regarding this picture. It's Miss Davis's head, of course, and she can have it photographed inside out or wrong end to if she desires, but she must expect the world to show some little surprise. We wonder what the camera thought.

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Photograph by Aimé Dupont, N. Y.

MARGUERITE SYLVA, AND A LITTLE BIT OF LACE.

Miss Sylva is now singing in "The Fortune Teller," and her appearance in the second act, in a dress that displays her shoulders to fine advantage, is the signal for a concerted manœuvre on the part of the old gentlemen with opera glasses.

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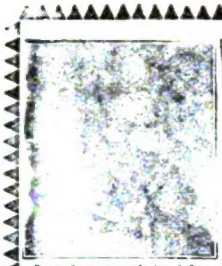

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